THE

ENGLISH IMPOSTOR detected.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF THE

LIFE and FUMIGATION

Of the Renown'd

Mr. J~~ohn~~ T~~aylor~~ Occult.

Ex fumo dare lucem.
Raro antecedentem scelestum,
Deseruit pede pœna Claudo. Hor.

DUBLIN:

COurteous Reader, for thy Entertainment we have annexed, unto this our Hiſtory, a *Latin* Poem, cunningly deviſed without doubt on the ſame Subject, by ſome able Clerk in thoſe Days; ſorry I am, that I cou'd not preſent it unto thee entire it being maim'd, as thou wilt perceive by the Injury of Time in the Beginning. For the Emolument of my worthy Brethren the *Barbitonſors*, I *Dionyſius Querpoides*, have cloathed it with the delectable Charms of *Engliſh* Poeſie.

Vale & fruere.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

LIFE *and* FUMIGATION

Of the Renown'd

Mr. J—— T——, Occulist.

THAT the Name *Fumigation*, and other noble Atchievments of the *Famous Mr.* T—— might not be buried in Oblivion, and that Posterity may not be deprived of an authentick Relation of these *memorable Occurrences*; I *Dyonisius Querpolito* of the Tribe of *Barbinsons*, and Native of *Grub-street*, have compiled, and digested the following delecta-

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ble History; well knowing how often the great Exploits of illustrious Persons have been misrepresented by *unskilful, or unfaithful Writers*. And whereas, I my self was present at that last, and *fatal Catastrophe*; and being unbiassed by any private Resentment, or Affection whatever incident to most *Historians* in these late Days of *Parties* and *Faction*, I think my self not altogether unqualified for so great an Undertaking.

Be it known then, that the *Famous* JOHN T——— had, for the Place of his Nativity, the ancient and opulent City of *London*; and was born the same Year, in which the eminent *Doctor Patridge* departed this Life, designed by Nature as a Recompence for that inestimable Loss, so from the Ashes of the old *Phœnix* arises a Second like in Colour and Beauty, *another and the same*. However various be the Accounts of Authors concerning his Father, whether *Horse-Farrier, itinerant Mountebank*, or *Apothecary*; most certain it is, that *Martha* his Mother, gain'd great Reputation by her Success in *Midwifery*, and in truth, *Martha* was an experienced Matron, and excelled in that her Day. According to the Traditions of those Times, he was ushered into the World by a *great Eclipse of the Sun*: Various were the Opinions of the Learned concerning that *Phænomenon*. Monsieur *Cassini* the *French* Astronomer, *Le'Clerck* the *Dutch* Philologist, and

and a *Right Reverend Philomath*, Famous for his Book of *Witch-craft*, and his profound *Almanack* affirm'd, that whereas the Sun is at once the Eye of the Universe, and is esteemed to preside over Physick, his sudden *Emerging* from the Shadow, that obscured him, portended the rise of some eminent Physician, who shou'd in like Manner *purge the Eyes* of Mankind from *Films*, and *Cataracts*, and other Obstructions of the visual Ray. Very different herefrom, was the Conjecture of the sagacious *Bickerstaff*, who asserted, that hereby was prognosticated, the Birth of some grand *Impostor*, by whom the Eyes of many should be darkened.

Manifold were the Indications this renowned Person gave of his future Greatness even in his Infancy. It is related by the Historians of those Times concerning *Hercules*, that even in his Cradle he crushed to Death Serpents of prodigious Size, an Omen of his future Victories over such Monsters. Nor less credibly is it asserted of our Hero, that he scratched out the Eyes of his Nurse, and afterwards at divers times those of his Play-fellows, a certain Presage of his *Future Triumphs over that Organ*. In his Childhood he gave manifest Tokens of a great genius for *Imposture*, by several little Tricks and Frauds he us'd among his Comrades. This inclined his Friends to breed him up in the Profession of the *Law*, his Uncle being emi-

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nent in that Faculty, in the Capacity of *Solicitor*, beſides ſeveral collateral Branches of his Family were *Retainers* to it in *Quality of Bums*, *Bailiffs*, *Sub-Sheriffs*, &c. But the *Solicitor* having unfortunately reſigned his Ears at the *Pillory*, and afterwards, according to the beſt Accounts, finiſhed his glorious Race at *Tyburn*, all the Hopes our young Adventurer had conceived of riſing in this Profeſſion periſhed with him. Thus deſtitute of Friends, he followed the Advice of his Mother *the ſage Martha*, who reaſoning, from ſome unuſual throes ſhe had felt during her Pregnancy, determin'd him, who had given ſuch early Proofs of his agility, to the ſublime Occupation of *Rope-dancing*. Here mark, gentle Reader, the ſtrange Viciſſitude of Human Fortune, how our young Adventurer was doomed to Support his Life by that very thing, to which his beloved Friend and Uncle owed his Death, *viz. the Rope*. And here let me inſert what was ſo elegantly ſaid by that witty writer of Dialogues *Lucian* of *Samos*.

On what a ſlender Thread doth Human Fate depend. But conceiving a juſt Antipathy to *Hemp*, ſo fatal to his Family, he choſe to ſhew his agility in a leſs dangerous Manner on the Stage, under the Inſpection of a skillful Mountebank. He was by him initiated in the multifarious Methods of blinding by *Couchings*, *Cauſticks*, *Fumigations*, and *Skirrifications*. Here once more (benign Reader) ſhall I crave thy

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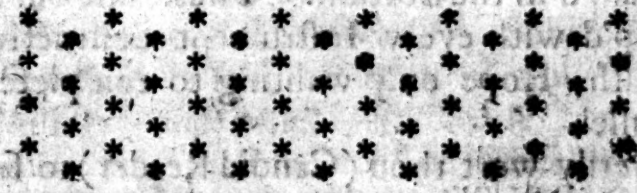
Patience, to obſerve the ſingular Diſpenſation of Fortune, that he, who by his *firſt* Method of Education, was inſtructed in the Art of defrauding Men of their *Eſtates* and *Poſſeſſions*; by this *Latter* ſhould be employed in the Ruin and Deſtruction of their *Bodies*. In like Manner we find it related in the Hiſtory of that wiſe and great Writer *Thucydides*, that the memorable Plague, ſo deſtructive to *Athens*, firſt laid waſte their *Goods* and *Poſſeſſions* and then the growing Contagion devoured the Poſſeſſors themſelves.

Hiatus magnopere deſiendus.



Here (learned Reader) can we never ſufficiently bewail, with thee, the loſs of ſo many noble Occurrences, which periſhed through the Injuries of Time. But now proceed we to thoſe Things, whoſe Records yet remain: Thus having extinguiſhed the Eyes of Multitudes of his *Countrymen*, trace we him in his Progreſs to *Ireland*, whither Fate had ſent him to complete the Calamities of that miſerable Iſland, reſembling herein that unfortunate *Iſraelite*, who after he was depriv'd of his *Strength* and *Liberty* was *Blinded*, and reſerved

ſerved for the Sport and Diriſion of his *Maſters, the proud Lords of the Philiſtines.*

Sorry I am, that after ſo many Treſpaſſes committed againſt thy Patience, I muſt trouble thee with yet another Simile. Among the *Greek* Poets (if haply thou conſulteſt the *Greek*) thou mayeſt find the following Fable. 'The Gods to puniſh Mortals for their Crimes, 'ſent *Pandora* with a Box filled with Evils 'and Diſeaſes; when this Magazine of Mi-'ſery was opened, the Contagion flew Abroad, 'and over-ſpread the Face of the whole Earth: It is added, 'that Hope being leſs volatile, re-'main'd in the Bottom. Thus came our Hero equip'd with every Inſtrument deſtructive of Health, Hope only wanting to complete the Parallel.

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Verily wert thou (Candid Reader) to ſearch into the *Gazettes*, and other diurnal *Itinerant* Hiſtories of thoſe Times, thou wouldeſt imagine him to be the bleſſed Inſtrument, ordained by Heaven to reſtore the loſt Senſes of Sight and Hearing. But we, who have laboured to diſtinguiſh Truth from Falſehood, and have ſearched into the moſt authentick Records, find him to have been a moſt audacious Empirick. How ſtrangely is Truth corrupted in theſe degenerate Days! when I conſidered theſe things, I ſaid within my ſelf, ſurely a faithful Hiſtorian is an ineſtimable Bleſſing.

Here again muſt we implore thy patient Attention to one Simile, which aſſuredly ſhall be

be the laſt. It is thus recorded in the Labours of my worthy Friend, and occult Aſtronomer *William Ramſay*; 'Darkneſs, ſays he, is not 'occaſion'd by the Abſence of the Sun, as 'ſome imagine, but by certain *Tenebrificus* 'Stars, which ray out Darkneſs, as others do 'Light.' Now *certes* it is, that our Adventurer may be juſtly conſidered as a *Tenebrificous* Star of the firſt Magnitude, inaſmuch as his malign Influence diffuſes Blindneſs, and thick Darkneſs all around, ſo that he may juſtly be ſtiled the grand *Antiluminary* of his Age.

Now, Reader, come we to the moſt delectable Part of this our Hiſtory: Hitherto, we have endeavour'd to diverſify a Subject leſs agreeable in its ſelf, by many pleaſing Similies, Alluſions, and other faſhionable Embelliſhments, now ſhall we confine our ſelves to the ſimple Relation of plain Matter of Fact.

It was that Time of the Day, as Authors write, when the Sun haſtens with prone Career towards the *Weſtern* Ocean, to *water* his Fiery-foaming Steeds; when our Hero, urged by a Thirſt of Gold, directed his Courſe to the Seat of the *Muſes*. Fluſh'd with Succeſs and ſanguine Hopes, he mounts his lofty Car; thus as he lolls exulting, the Homicide explores his remorſeleſs Heart.

Succeſs thus far our Stratagems adorn'd,
And Eyes, in Tears of Blood, our Cauſticks mourn'd.—

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'O *Ireland*, thou Land of Fools, doom'd 'to be the Prey of every Knave; how proſpe-'rouſly does Impoſture thrive in thy fruitful 'Soil! I come, but with no friendly Aſpect, 'and riſe upon thy Hemiſphere like the Mor-'ning, when all the Stars, the Eyes of Hea-'ven, go out one by one, as it ſpreads.' —— Fond Deluſion! Beware vain Mortal: Ah! how little knoweſt thou that the Hour now approacheth, which Fate has reſerved for the Puniſhment of all thy ſucceſsful Villanies; how art thou fallen! Thy Fame, thy Grandeur, and thy future Hope of Riches for ever vaniſhed.

Well may'ſt thou wonder (humane Reader) at this ſudden Variation of our Stile, and Manner; unpardonable, indeed, had been this our Preſumption, had we not thereunto been induced by ſeveral great, and weighty Authorities; even thoſe of many eminent modern Divines, and Hiſtorians, and all the Writers of Romance. Thus having irrefragably juſtify'd our Conduct in this moſt important Particular, we ſhall, according to our accuſtom'd Brevity, purſue the Thread of our Hiſtory.

Now had he approached the fatal Threſhold, when thrice he ſtumbled, and urged on by his evil Genius, thrice he neglected the friendly Omen. —— He enters, and traverſes with haughty Strides the hoſtile Chamber; and now was he pleaſing himſelf with the Reflec-

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tion of his own dear Image from an adjacent Mirror, when ——— But (courteous Reader) I muſt beſeech thee once more, to ſuſpend thy Curioſity for ſome few Moments, with thy accuſtomed Meekneſs, that we being exhauſted may breathe a-while, and collect freſh Vigour; following herein the Examples of experienced Generals, who make their Armies halt before the Onſet, that they may ruſh upon the Foe with redoubled Vehemence. But to return (for *certes* it is, we have had our Subject always in view) I ſay, as he was admiring his *bitter Self* in the Glaſs, ſudden the Doors unfold with a mighty Noiſe, and forthwith ruſh from their Ambuſh the hoſtile Youth; with ardent Gripes they ſeize their trembling Prey; as the Bird of *Jove* deſcends with ſounding Pinions, and forky Talons on the timorous Hare. How great was his Aſtoniſhment? A deadly Paleneſs ſpreads over his Face; his coward Lips fled from their Colour, his Eyes were fixed, his Tongue faultred: After ſeveral fruitleſs Efforts to diſengage himſelf from their rude Gripes, at length he had Recourſe to humble Intreaties: In vain did this *Proteus* aſſume every Diſguiſe, and try every Wile that might procure his Eſcape; ſtill the ſumigating Miniſters of Vengeance, relentleſs, urged on their great Deſign; and now behold him in an ample arm-Chair, in vain reluctant. Here I cannot but obſerve, the ſtrict Juſtice of

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the Fates, that this Empirick ſhould ſuffer the ſame Torment, which he had inflicted on others, and in the ſame Place, where he had not long before preſided with all the Pomp and Majeſty of an Executioner; even as the admired Tragedian *Sophocles* makes *Oreſtes* kill the Murderer of his Father in that very Place, where he had committed the horrid Crime.

But now the dreadful Machines are brought. A capacious Cloſe-ſtool-pan, replete with Urine, which three revolving Moons had ripened into full Maturity; two Fumigators groan'd beneath the Weight, which ſcarce twelve Mortals of theſe degenerate Days could upheave from the Earth: The huge Circumference they placed directly under his Noſtrils; mean time, from out a Magazine ſtor'd with various Inſtruments of Fate, by Mortals nam'd a *Coal-Box*, others bore a red flaming Bar of Iron, reſembling in Shape and Size a maſſy *Poker*, ſtreaming with Liquid Fire; this on a ſudden they plunge into the boiling Tide; direful was the Hiſs, a thick Cloud of Smoak aſcends; not blacker the Smoak, that ariſes from burning *Veſuvius*, nor more noiſome the Stench exhal'd from the fam'd *Avernian* Lake, that ſuffocates the Birds aloft in Air. He, mean while, ſits Superior, and drinks in the odoriferous Fume at his expanded Noſtrils, writhing to and fro with Pain convolv'd; ſuch was the dreadful Conflict.

Where

Where, O T----r, are now thy intended Expeditions into *Cork*, thy *Journeyings*, and thy *Progresses*? Where are thy *Cauſticks*, *Fumigations*, and *Skirrifications*? Where are all thy Stratagems, by which thou haſt extinguiſh'd the Eyes of Thouſands? Alas! are they not vaniſh'd? vaniſh'd like unto the Smoak, which but now aſcended into thy Noſtrils, and is ſeen no more?

Sic tranſit Gloria Mundi.

Οὐρο-Μὲρδο-Κὰτνο-Μαχία.

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Amq; locum ingreſſus vacuum peragravit, et altos
Compoſuit vultus: Pictaſq; in pariete nymphas
uſtravit, (luſtrando gravem ſi falleret heram;)
unc admiranti ſimilis, ſimiliſq; Scienti
ntiquos volvit libros, nunc ambulat anceps,
ulnificaſq; manus crudelibus improbus auſis
ccingit mentemq; lucri ſpe paſcit inani.
um ſubito Iuvenes, pulſi ceu turbine venti,
inc inde irruere, et certatim cominus hoſtem
migeri prenſare trucem; pars brachia ſtringit,
rſq; pedes prendit, pars colla tumentia torquet:
Obſtupuit, ſteteruntq; comæ, et vox faucibus hæſit,
aud ſecus intentus prædæ, inter farris acervos
trahit cererem per limina tartareus mus,
em vigil incautum felis ſi forte per umbras,
conſpexit avis ſapienti ſacra Minervæ,
troni exiguo, celer involat ungue tenaci
ſanti incaſſum. " Micat auribus, et tremit artus
manibus, pedibuſq; ſimul Funambulus hoſti
ctatur atrox, ſinuatq; volubile Corpus
illuc, frendent dentes, cava lumina ſupra
ſcunt, ſpumis incandent ora coactis.

Tum vero ingentes fremebundus pectore ab imo
Effundit gemitus; resonant clamore fenestræ
Perculsæ, reboat paries, laquearia plangunt.
Sed quanto magis ille vim explerat et artes,
Illum fumigeri tanto magis acrius urgent.
Est vas confectum solidi de lamine plumbi
Ore cavum, patulumq; et vasto immane barathro,
Æse decora, tegit quod circum quernea vestis,
Mortales Iasanum dixere, Enebo; sacrarunt:
Tertia Iam plenos vibravit Cynthia vultus
Candida, dum frater radiis libamen opimum
Decoxit, levibusq; dedit diffundere ventis
Ambrosiâ dites, et odoros nectare fumos.
Iamq; duo Iuvenes immensis viribus ægre
Attollunt lasanum, vastæ sub mole gementes:
Alter anhelantem contorquens igne verucam
Humori immergit, stagnumq; volatile volvit:
Fervet opus, stridet ferrum, perq; atria flamen
Fumiferam glomerat graveolenti turbine noctem.
Tum vero plenus fumi prosiluit odore
Ter conatus erat perrumpere vincula, terque
Concidit, & tales effudit pectore voces,
Ingeminans tremulas misso crispante querelas.
'Heu quoniam de me sceleratas sumere pœnas
'Stat vobis, fixâq; sedet sententia mente,
'Nec Lachrymæ prosunt quidquam, nec vota precesq;
'Heu! Saltem innocuæ (crudeles) parcite vitæ.
Dixerat, inq; atros abierunt verba vapores:
Vindice Flammivum Enceladus sic fornice fumum
Nubigenam evomuit, tetramq; bitumine noctem,
Ingemuitq; imis radicibus insuper Ætna.
I nunc, & demens vanos effare triumphos,
Ex fumo effulges, tibi te gestive licebit
Omnibus & lippis notum, ac tonsoribus esse.
Tuq; adeo (Inventis) cultus fortissime divis
Luminibus parvis monstrum exitiale subegit,
Tu novus Alcides (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Immortalis eris, mixtusq; Heroibus Heros.

Thus render'd into *English*.

NOW thro' the hoſtile Void, with ſtately Tread,
The Hero ſtalks, and rears aloft his Head;
Here views the Nymphs, that from mixt Shade and Light,
Start into Life, and ſwell upon the Sight;
There ancient Folios turns, that lie for Show,
And much he ſeems to wonder, much to know;
Now walks deep-pond'ring, and prepares for Blood
His Hands, oft purpled in the Crimſon Flood;
While Golden Fees, ah! fruitleſs Hopes ariſe,
Brighten in Thoughts, and ſhine before his Eyes.
When ſudden ruſh the Smoke-compelling Train,
Swift as loud Whirlwinds ſweep the duſty Plain:
On every Side they graſp the ſtruggling Foe,
Some ſeize his Arms, and ſome his Feet below;
Some gripe his ſwelling Neck; he ſtunn'd, amaz'd,
With briſtling Hairs in ſpeechleſs Wonder gaz'd.
So 'midſt the riſing Labours of the Swain,
The latent Mouſe devours the golden Grain.
Wretch! by ſome thoughtful Owl a Feaſt deſign'd,
Or ſome grim Warrior of the Tabby Kind;
Rapid they pierce their Prey, tranſfixt with Pain,
Vain are its Struglings, and its Screams are vain.
Now fierce he winds his ſupple Limbs around,
Taught on the bending Rope aloft to bound;
He writhes, he grins, his hollow Eye-Balls flame,
And his Jaws whiten with a foamy Stream.
He draws a Length of Groans; the Walls around,
The ratling Windows tremble with the Sound,
And from the vaulted Dome loud ecchoing Groans rebound.
But ſtill the more he labours to depart,
They bind him faſter, and Strength conquers Art.
A Vaſe there is, the Mold a ſolid Plate
Of hollow'd Lead, with ample Chaſm dilate;
Gapes the wide Orifice, beneath Subſides
A Concave Well, and hoards the gath'ring Tydes;
Oak decks with Boards, ſupplies an ambient Fence,
Known among Mortals by a Cloſe-ſtool's Name.

Thrice

Thrice had the waning Moon forſook the Night,
Thrice bath'd her growing Orb in Silver Light,
Whilſt golden Suns ſtrong Energy ſupply'd,
And with kind Beams matur'd the Stagnant Tyde,
Whence on ſoft *Zephyrs* Fumes ambroſial fly,
And waft diffuſive Fragrance through the Sky.
Two Youths robuſt, ſcarce from its dark Abode,
Heave the vaſt Engine, groaning with the Load:
Others on high the flaming *Poker* raiſe,
Far through ſing'd Air it darts a ruddy Blaze;
Then plunge into the Wayes, the Waves reſound,
And whirling Eddies toſs the Dark profound;
Hoarſe the Steel roars, thick Smoak obſcures the Sight,
Rolls in dark Spires, and wraps the Dome in Night.
Now when the Clouds in darker Volumes came,
And his wide Noſtrils drank the thick'ning Steam;
Thrice he eſſays to break his living Chain,
High bounding from their Arms, thrice ſtuks again;
Then ſore diſmay'd amid the Cloud of Smoak,
Tun'd through his curling Noſe theſe mournful Accents:
'Ah! ſince I muſt theſe noiſome Fumes ſuſtain, [broke;
'Vain flow my Tears, my Pray'rs be pour'd in vain;
'Here cruel as ye are, reſtrain your Ire,
'And ſpare, O ſpare my innocent Attire.
He ſpoke; his Words in circling Vapours fled,
The ſmoaky Billows curl around his Head.
Enceladus, thus wrapt in penal Flames,
From his dark Furnace vomits cloudy Streams;
A Noon-day Night breaths o'er the Realms of *Jove*,
Through all her burning Caverns *Ætna* groans above.
Go, Madman, now thy empty Trophies raiſe,
And let each Journal labour with thy Praiſe;
Riſe bright from Smoak, and triumph in thy Fame,
Whilſt every *Barbitonſor* ſings thy Name.
And thou, fam'd Youth, who cou'dſt this Monſter quell
By whoſe red Arm the proud Impoſtor fell,
Foe to *Hibernian* Eyes; if right I ſee,
A new *Alcides* ſhall ariſe in thee;
Thou, cou'd my Lays immortal Fame beſtow,
With Heroes mingled, ſhou'dſt a Hero glow.

FINIS.

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